

Great Mars he brocht him courage strang,
An' pluck to strike at pride's oppression;
The Muses filled him fu' o' sang,
An' Saturn gae'n a snail for thrashin'.

Brisk Mercury, he brocht twa wings,
Around the Poet's feet tae tether,
Sae that, when sick o' earthly things,
He'd soar awa to fields o' ether.

Minerva said 'twas a' in vain,
Wisdom tae put in sic a jumble;
She'd gie him enough to wince wi' pain,
When'er oot o' himsel' he'd tumble.

At last their gifts when a' displayed,
Jove mixed them in a toddy ladle;
An' Venus, when the soul was made,
She rocked him saft in Cupid's cradle.

But whaur to get a faithier fit,
Or mither-love frac sic a ferlie,
Made Jove wi' fell dismay doon sit,
An' a' the gods to wonder sairly.

The wean for ages sleepit soon,
Lulled by the planetary motion;
While Venus in his ear would croon,
The faint far murmur o' the ocean.

An' Homer cam, an' Virgil sweet,
An' mony mair o' lesser merit;
But for this wean nae parent meet
Yet lived—they feared he'd be miscairrit.

At last a' day intae the bower,
Jove burst in in an unco flutter;
Quo' he—"gie me the wean oot ower,
He's found a birth-place an' a faithier."

Sae Rab was born. The deil he heard,
An' loked as though he'd ta'en the jaundice;
He seized an auld witch by the beard,
An' whirled her roon an' roon the Andes—

An' raised a storm that blew a' nicht.
Rab cuddled in his mother's bosie;
The deil he howled wi' rage an' fricht,
He daured na' touch him there sae cosio

"I want nae skean spirits true,
Tae kilt men's hearts in love thegither;
An' whether just the kill him noo,
Or let him live, I'm in a swither."

"Just when I've gat things my ain way
An' a' are servile, mean an' cannie;
Here, a' my doctrines to gainsay,
Up starts this peasant-poet mannie."

"He'll tell them they are brithers a';
He'll sing that man wi' God claims kinship;
Wi' sang he'll wile their hearts awa'
Frae meaner things, tae love an' freenship."

"Confound it a'! I'll hae revenge!
I'll wait until the lad gets frisky;
Gin poortith winna crush or change,
I'll ply him weel wi' gude Scotch whisky."

"Tak' that c'en noo—an omen quick,
O' what ye may expect hereafter,
He raised his hoof, he gae a' a klick,—
Doon fell the gayle frae roof an' rafter!

The rest ye ken—his life, his fame,
The deil, though weel his word he keept—
He couldna quench proud honor's flame—
The love in which Rab's soul was steepit.

A mortal man—noo weak, noo strang—
Wi' a' a poet's glanour o'er him;
The world that listened to his sang,
Has been since syne, the better for him.

THE DYNAMITARDS.

Judge Lynch (masked), and John Bull, with their heads together.

Judge Lynch.—Look-a-here, John! what's the matter with you is, you're too honest. Honest law is no good to hunt varmint. Varmints wants trappin'. You must trap 'em, John, trap 'em! What you wants is a citizens' Vig. Com., a strong rope, an' a handy lamp-post.

SNUBBED!

Sairey to Betsy, or the advice of the London (Eng.) Advertiser to Canadians:

"Wich I says to that 'ere precious hold wictim, says I, wich you ain't by no manner o' means the garding of Himperial Hinterests—you have the garding hof the hinterests hof Canada—wich that's your dooty, says I, an' wich you 'as a got to stick to, says I. Oh, yes! says I, wich you're mighty fond hof tricking yourself hout in them 'ere feathers an' war paint, and hall that there sort hof barbar-

ous regaliar fit for Hindians—a struttin' around and a-grinnin'. 'This is my star—don't yer wish yer 'ad it? 'This 'ere's my collar, I'll make you an' iron one like it—look at my fancy breeches, wich, though I says it as shouldn't, hare the honor and the glory hof them seventy year hold legs.' Ha! you precious hold wictim, you! wot I says his wich you look hafter the hinterests hof Canada—Henglish hinterests will look after themselves."

TOMMY'S ESSAY ON WATER.

Water is a very useful thing—they use it for christening babys an pooten out fires. its good for washing your hands and face with, an for squirting at people going past. its good for swimming in an sailing in a bote on. our bay an all the lake is chuck ful of it—if there wazn't any water on the lake nor the bay all the bote would be lyin hi an dry on the warf. the city watir has lots of tifode fevers in it, i saw one of them tifode fevers in a bottle in the News windy—it was lik a lizard with a long tale, and it was just the color of our Maltese cat—only it was littler—you cudnt poot our cat into a bottel the size of yer finger. drops of rane is made of water, and so's sinny. i dont like sinney tee—its nasty. water is also for drownind dogs and cats in. we drowned our dog last summir, an the half of him is lyin at the foot of Yonge street wharf yet stiken in the ise. i dont nono more.



OUR RATHER HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

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SERMON IV.

Text: Natural morality is the thing.

BELOVED HEARERS.—I have received a request from an aged Christian to preach upon the subject of *Natural Morality*. The person in question has recently become aroused to the danger of the position in which he finds himself, and is an anxious enquirer after light. He is greatly troubled in conscience at the recollection that for more than fifty years he has rarely thought of this important subject, and has all that time openly adhered to the teachings and practices of Christian morality instead. As there may be some even amongst you, my hearers, who are not perfectly clear in your minds as to the vast superiority of natural morality over the Chris-

tian species, I devote this sermon to the consideration of the subject all the more readily. I will simply call attention to a few of the points of superiority.

1. Natural morality is based upon a nobler principle than Christian morality. Its fundamental rule is the consideration of *convenience* or *inconvenience*, whereas Christian morality merely concerns itself with *right* and *wrong*. Murder is condemned by us, because if left unpunished and unrebuked it would lead to the extermination of the race. This, it will be admitted, would be inconvenient. In the same way we condemn other crimes, as inconsistent with the well-being of society. It is true that Christian morality also condemns these offences, but it does so, not so much from a consideration of their inconvenience, as of their *wickedness*. I need not dwell upon this further than to say that wickedness is a word which is not in the vocabulary of a scientific agnostic. We do not understand it. It has, therefore, no meaning.

2. Again, natural morality is better adapted to the requirements of human life than Christian morality. Being apart altogether from any sanctions other than those I have mentioned, it is so to speak, easier to carry about. Christian morality, on the other hand, so far as I understand it, has at least two qualities which make it highly impracticable and irksome. (1) It rules the conscience, and avenges every infraction of its laws by punishment more or less acute, and (2) it takes cognizance of a thousand things that natural morality does not touch. For example, in its eyes, an evil thought is as bad as an evil deed; an exhibition of insincerity is no better than an exhibition of indecency. You can readily see, beloved hearers, that in a world like ours, this system must be ill-adapted to human exigencies.

3. In the third place, look at the practical results of the two systems. I need not remind you of the moral superiority of those peoples, both ancient and modern, who have lived in the midst of a civilization in which Christianity was never heard of. I need not tell you that Greece and Rome, with their natural morality were as much above the Christian world in holiness of life as in literature and art. Come down to our own times. The same contrast is observable. Here again I need not say the institutions which are the offspring of charity, of benevolence, of philanthropy, are universally established and supported by natural moralists, and not by Christian moralists.

4. In conclusion, my friends, I have to say that Christian morality, even by the testimony of Christians themselves, occupies but a secondary place in their system, whereas in ours, natural morality is the *alpha* and *omega*. The aged person for whose special benefit I preach this sermon, confesses to me that during all the fifty years in which he went on in his unscientific Christian career, he was so much occupied with what he calls "a consuming love and gratitude towards his Redeemer," that he never had time to measure and weigh his actions in the scale of reason, and according to the principles of scientific agnosticism. I believe, however, and it is only just to him to state it—that his character was, and is, exemplary in all respects. But how much happier and better it will be if this sermon is the means of converting him, and he ceases to waste his precious time in "Christian work" and becomes one of the leading talkers at our philosophical meetings. The collection now, please.

THE well-dressed man is the envy of all observers. R. Walker & Son's clothing is unequalled for style and value. They make to order at \$4 trousers that are worth \$5.